Wm Jennison's
Aug. 17. 1807

Saturday, Aug. 15, 1807.....*No.* 2.

THE

THISTLE.

An original, periodical publication, whimſical, moral, ſatirical, poetical, comical, critical, and political :—Containing many things of which people in general would not think ; and many of which no one but ourſelves could think ; nothing indecorous, libidinous, or libellous, but much to the contrary :—In ſhort, to quote the often quoted expreſſion of Horace, it is intended to do good in a good natured way, DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO——Any man, who does not like it, may pay for it and not read it ; any man who is pleaſed with it, has the liberty of purchaſing from one to an hundred copies, for the benefit of himſelf and family, as well as for the benefit of the authors, printers, publiſhers, and paper makers.

BY *RODERIC ROVER*, AND OTHERS.

The public have seen something of a mere specimen of an essay, or essay of a specimen, in the first number. The whole Rover family feel a glow of grateful sensibility to the public, for the readiness with which was bo't nearly the whole edition of our first No. : Messrs. *Etheridge* and *Bliss* having declared that, since they have been Booksellers, *few works have ever had such a run.* Indeed there was such a crowd after it as soon as it appeared, that the whole family of us have had a serious consultation on the propriety of petitioning the police of the town, to have that part of Cornhill enlarged, for the accommodation of the learned and whimsical who gather there on the day of publication. We are glad to see so much taste and good nature in this town ; it does them much honor ; and is of great credit to us.

Having waited till we have found the general discernment was abundant, and till we have all our affairs arranged for the future issuing of the THISTLE; we have determined regularly to satisfy the ever greedy mouth of a laughter-loving world, *every Saturday* hereafter, (till the year 1814.) at *noon*, at the Bookstore of Messrs. *Etheridge & Bliss*: unless peradventure some of our family should be occasionally prevented by indisposition, or some necessary avocation, or I should wish to go into the country to see my aunt *Sally*. In such case due notice will be kindly given to our disappointed readers.

NOTE. Some one may, (though we have not so heard,) believe that we have no *plan* in this work: the truth is we have a seven years' *plan*, which will be constantly developing itself with more and more satisfaction, as we hope, to the readers of thought, feeling and fun. We shall generally use the *sermo pedestris*, the good *travelling gait*, because 'tis calculated for long journies, and is the most common; and you know Juvenal says *bonum quo communius eo melius*: yet shall sometimes be mounted on a lofty Pegasus, and shall soar like some Virginian *word kites*, or like the balloon that went over town t'other day, quite *out of sight*.

Several of our *paintings* are in great forwardness, but, before exposed, must dry a little more, lest the paint stick to some people's fingers, who would not like it.

An Englishman, *rides* both on the outside and in the inside of a stage coach: I *write* on the outside as well as in the inside of the Thistle. It won't do—Therefore.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Any literary advertisements offered for the *cover* of the Thistle will be generously inserted for just *double the usual price*, and the advertiser may think himself lucky to come off so.

R. ROVER.

THE

THISTLE.

BY *RODERIC ROVER*, AND OTHERS.

SERMONE MODO TRISTI, SÆPE JOCOSO.

.....

To be a little serious, now and then,
Is well enough—but laugh whene'er you can.

MY UNCLE ISAAC'S LIFE, &c.

My Uncle Isaac's mother was a woman who would always fly into a short passion at the most trivial circumstances. My Uncle has often told me, that the first thing he can remember is, that when he was in petticoats, and all the family was gone to Church, except himself, and his mother, (who staid at home to roast the beef and boil the potatoes and onions,) his mother told him not to go near the fire. He disobeyed; got into a rocking chair; upset; fell on the tea-kettle, and turned half the hot water down his legs. His mother flew at him, shook him, boxt his ears, and gave him a shove, so that his eye bone made a great dent in the corner of the kitchen table. His eye began to swell, his legs were scarboiled. The mother ran screaming to the meeting house; the

good deacon her husband was called from his seat; two doctors followed, the one to cure the eye, the other to cure the legs; but as they happened to be quacks, (a generation of men to be found every where,) one leg remains a little shrivelled to this day, and the sight of his eye he never recovered. She was a tyrant of a woman in all respects; and her husband often used to say, that the only way of living with her was, to get out of her way. Poor man, she worried him so that she brought him to his grave before he was forty-five. But she soon followed him. For, going to his grave, instead of minding where she stept, she was so engaged ogling a smart young widower, that stood in the yard, she stumbled against a grave stone, fell, and broke her arm against another. The flesh mortified; and her spirits were mortified; for the widower got married, and she died.—My uncle would not even go to the funeral: but, covering his right eye with his hand, declared he could not *see clear* to go. Yet it should be remembered that she was not of the Rover family, except by marriage.—But a greater fault than her indulgence in ill-temper, was one for which sometimes ten thousand pounds are recovered in England for damage.—One instance shall suffice.

My uncle Isaac's father had business in Philadelphia. He was gone two weeks, leaving the care of his affairs to an active young man of twenty-five years of age. The great parlour tongs were missing the day after he went away. My

uncle Isaac, then quite a boy, had hid them. Every room was searched, cellar, garret and all; but the great parlour tongs could not be found.—The deacon returned....his wife was overjoyed once more to see his dear face....she was afraid he might have been sick....or might have fallen from his horse....or might have been drowned coming from Newyork to Newport....She was very loving....The deacon was soon on his knee thanking Providence for the great change that had taken place in her temper....She informed him that all things had been well conducted during his absence....the young man, aged twenty-five, had *managed* as well as if he had been there himself....that Isaac had been a good boy, and she had not whipped him once....that every thing was safe, except the *great pair of parlour tongs*, which must have been stolen.....In short she was so loving, that "tapers burnt to bedward," an hour before the usual bed time....This, said she, is my second marriage to the same dear man....Here in these cold sheets have I laid these *fourteen nights*, wishing for your return: Indeed, said he, with the tear of joy scampering down each cheek, I have now truly found a new wife....So saying, he removed the sheets, and—and—and—beheld the GREAT PAIR OF PARLOUR TONGS, spread wide in the middle of the same bed where his loving spouse had spent the wakeful hours of fourteen nights.....The young man, aged twenty-five, slept in the same house....and with just such economy as our administration

sometimes exhibits, she wished to save the time and trouble of making two beds—and had therefore concluded to "manage her own affairs in her own way, unembarrassed with too much regulation."——How deacon Ichabod Rover stared, and how deacon Ichabod Rover's wife stared, every reader can judge; and may *guess*, whether he or she were ever placed in so unfortunate a predicament before.....The young man aged twenty-five has never since been seen....the deacon died (very foolishly) with a broken heart in three years after....and Isaac went to sea.

My uncle Isaac often used to comfort himself with the consideration that his mother was not of the Rover family.....nor a descendant from the Scotch, nor English. He had often heard it said by the tattling of the neighbourhood, that her grand-father was once an Irishman; but that he died one day by great mischance....he somehow was unfortunately tangled in a rope, and owing to the attention or inattention of some busy-body meddling officer, in fastening one end of it, he was miserably choaked to death in the flower of his manhood. His son, uncle Isaac's grand-father, lamenting the unhappy fate of his father, chose to withdraw, in season, (as others have done,) from a country, liable to such terrible accidents.

Isaac continued "doing business on the mighty waters," till two years after his beard was in a thriving condition. A book was his delight at all times....therefore he was always pleased

with a gale of wind, that would oblige the vessel to lay too several days together, when the seamen had no duty to perform—and he could read.

In his reading, there were many subjects he could not understand, (a misfortune incident to most men, especially to town-meeting patriotic orators)—and he was often put in great indignation at the sight of small Latin, or Greek, or French sentences. He therefore at the age of seventeen began the study of the languages. He had saved eighty-three dollars from his sea-faring wages: (a great sum this at that time, when dollars would go as far as a cannon ball—now they will not go half pistol shot.) This sum was expended just as he was prepared to enter Harvard University. But the want of money is sometimes but a temporary bar to high expectation and great design.—He put his hands on his back, crossed the ferry at Charlestown, and went into the country, where he soon engaged to teach a school. It was in that very town in which the learned and patriotic FISHER AMES once kept school, and the same in which the great *Roderic Rover* once taught old maids and little boys how to cypher to the double rule of three, direct or inverse; and astonished the natives with his knowledge of Hebrew.

But here was a bar. It was insisted on that Isaac should pray in the school. He told them he had been a seafaring man, and was not used to the business; but was willing to turn his hand to any thing honest, that might obtain him money.....My Uncle has often told me that what-

he undertook from necessity, soon turned to choice, and became the fount of the greatest, purest, and continued pleasure; buoyed him up in many of the storms of adversity; enabled him to withstand the tornadoes of dissipation, while his companions have one by one, been hurled to destruction; and that, *mingling the fear of God with all his doings*, had been to him indeed a bank, on which he could ever draw in the hour of difficulty.

But here was another bar: my Uncle was obstinate. He made his scholars spell the word Salvation, not *pro more majorum*, but the four last letters as one syllable; and the letter J he placed to the first syllable in the word *prej-udice*. This manner of spelling, after he had been a year in the school, came to the knowledge of Capt. Block, who was one of the School Committee. He considered it a dangerous innovation on the "steady habits" of our ancestors. The whole Committee were called, and a town meeting ordered: the case was examined; and the facts were proved. The examination was had in the Meeting-house, and the whole town attended. The Minister was gone from home, (who would certainly have been on the right side) so that my uncle, like Abdiel, stood alone, but "unseduced, unterrified." My uncle was in a distressful situation: No man cried, "God save him:" excepting an old *wo*-man, who had handled the fescue for 43 years, and who thought it possible that Mr. Rover, might be right, though in her school

she had long taught otherwise. The interference of a woman so enraged the town, that they immediately chose her an additional *hogreve:* and this so enraged her, that she left my uncle to fight his own battle. The town immediately passed a vote, that Mr. Isaac Rover pursue the goodly mode of spelling, handed down to us by our venerable ancestors, or quit the school. Capt. Block, the moderator, declared it an unanimous vote, it having passed *crim. con.*

My uncle became outrageous—"I will never yield to your prE-prE-ju-dI-dI-ces, unless my salva-TI-TI-on depend on it.—Oh *res angusta domi!* but you are welcome to my wages for the whole year." So saying, "from amidst them forth he past."

Capt. Block was in great distress—*res angusta domi* was to him (what it is to "many a soul sublime,") a terrible thing; and he considered it a threat from my uncle. In this belief he was the next day confirmed by the minister of the town, who declared that what was meant, was, some *narrow strait thing*, which Mr. Rover had *in his house*, which Capt. Block immediately supposed to be a long knife, a bayonet, or some other offensive weapon....he went to a magistrate, who immediately arrested Isaac, to be bound over to keep the peace, as he had threatened the Capt. with the loss of his life, by means of some deadly instrument, a knife, alias a sword, alias a poniard, alias a certain instrument, called a *res angusta domi.*—And there is certainly some

connection between *poverty* and a *poniard*, as the former sometimes precedes the latter.—My uncle was brought before the justice, and ordered to deliver up his *res angusta domi*, if he had brought it *from home*, and give bonds for keeping the peace.—My uncle assured the justice, that *res angusta domi* signified merely a narrow state of circumstances at home; which he was very willing to deliver up to any body. The clergyman was called: my uncle showed him his *Juvenal*, and at last convinced him that though *res angusta domi* was certainly a most awful affair, and that many people died in consequence of it, by broken hearts, or the absence of food, yet he could stab no man with it.....The prisoner was discharged.

N. B. This all happened in a new town, and in old times, when learning and liberality were more scarce than at present.—The clergyman was not a man of a liberal education, but he was a worthy character, and lived to a great age. My uncle Isaac has informed me that he saw him twenty years after, when the old gentleman, who was a great writer of psalms, showed him a "hymn for deliverance." The circumstance was this: the good old man was one day about descending from the scaffold of his barn, by sliding down the mow, but concluded to descend by the ladder; which having done, he observed that had he descended by the mow, he should have fallen on a pitchfork with the tines upward. The Hymn contained 230 verses, but my uncle could remember but one.

Had I but slidden, I had in it
Grievously put my foot;
Had been in Heaven in half a minute—
Praise God I did not do't.

This is equal to parson Leland, who gallanted the Mammoth Cheese to Washington, to the great gallant of sombre Sarah; or to parson Allen of Pittsfield, who has *not* been elected chaplain to the legislature of this state; or to parson Bentley, (more unfortunate) who *was* appointed to deliver words on the day of election.

My Uncle left the town and came to Boston. About a year after, he received a *town order* for his year's school keeping in the country. This he sold a good natured, easy, accommodating, kind, and disinterested Boston *shaver* (who gets his living by such offices of benevolence) at a discount of only *thirty-three* per cent.—and took a note of hand for it, payable in ninety days; which, being perplext for money, (as all our family are apt to be,) he sold it for ready cash, at a deduction of *twenty-five* per cent —But nothing of the kind is practised now here.—

In the 21st page, my uncle Isaac began his Ramble: I intended, (merely by way of parenthesis) to say a few words about his life and character; but, like Gilpin on his horse, I am carried farther than I intended to go: (so all our feelings and passions carry us farther than our sober reason intends: a melancholy consideration, but true, true, too true;—with a note of admiration, which signifies, *alas!*)

Uncle Isaac's Ramble.

As there is something yet to be said in the sketch of my Uncle Isaac, I will stop here with a bracket, *pro tem.*]

MY UNCLE'S RAMBLE—Progressing.

"Never again give me such stuff to read: the "puzzling chain" is difficult, but more easy, to unravel, than Bentley's sermon."

It has been a delightful morning: my whole frame has been renovated with the purity and salubrity of the air. I was much displeased to see so few in the Mall. The old ladies and the young ladies; the old gentlemen and the young gentlemen; and the children, led or carried by their nurses; ought to be promenading there before sunrise. Why do they not? Roddy, I have never seen so fine a *walk* yet in all that I have seen, I have noticed ten times as many *walkers* after early dawn, and before dusky eve, as I have seen here.—I saw but five ladies while I was there. One of them was so much like what I have never seen before, since my wife died, that I suddenly became only thirty-five years of age. She had a delicate, muslin, flowing, morning dress....she appeared to be about twenty....she had a little cherub by her right hand, which I afterwards discovered was her sister's only child....Coming to where I was sitting, in my own hired chair, she stopped....I was in the middle of Bentley's madness: I straddled it over the rail....(the

rails, Roddy, are decaying; and, if some of these sermons could be tarred and sanded, and put over them, they might be preserved much longer, and the sermons would then be valuable.)..... Oh, what an air of dignity, sweetness and ease.

> With eyes that tell us what the sun is made of,
> And hills of driven snow that *seen* are *felt*.

Oh, Roddy, when I was of your age, how did I search for the fairest descriptions, among the poets, of "God's last best gift to man." How did I long to look, and look and long

> For never moon
> Gazed on the water, as I'd stand and gaze
> Upon a lady's eye.

Old as I am, "I cannot but remember such things were."—

This young lady was KATHERINE * * * *: You know her. There are not half a dozen so lovely women in all Boston. Yet she has a fault, a cruelty: her large blue, rolling and love-commanding eyes, ought to be shut when she opens her lips; for, to hear her melody, to see her mouth, and hide your eyes in hers, all at the same time, is more than mortal man can bear with equanimity.

She chatted with me some time on the health of morning walks for young ladies in a spot containing so many of the necessaries and conveniences, (all but seats) and luxuries, for leisure exer-

cise and social conversation....And what do you think, Roddy? She asked me to accompany her down the walk. I started involuntarily from my chair....there was no lameness in my legs at that moment....I left Bentley's hodge podge, the work of a mortal press, to accompany a work of heavenly impression....She took my arm. What a sight, 84 and 20....We proceeded a rod, and I perceived I was not in reality 35 years old, I needed my crutches—and she returned for them....There was condescension for you. But as I was well shaved and neatly dressed, as it behoves an old man to be, she needed not be ashamed of my appearance. She was full of her innocent mirth, and laughed about two such *single* persons walking together. I told her I had *doubled* the cape of threescore years and ten, and was fast growing *double* with age...."But there is such a thing as Platonic love"....Doubtful, whether, if such, it can be of long continuance: the happiest part of life is said to be courtship, yet who would be courting all their lives?....
"Hah, all you old people who have tried both,
"find courtship sweeter than marriage—Mar-
"riage puts cold water on the fire of love, which

at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

"The flowers of expectation, which is the life of
"unconfined love, all wither in the icy soil of
"matrimony; true love cannot be tied by laws,
"nor by reason; give me love without reason."

To hear her rail against the solemn duty of matrimony, and throw out principles of such profligacy "me damp horror chilled."—I started back involuntarily three paces; I looked at her, and what before

> Seemed sweeter than the lid of Juno's eye,
> Or Cytharea's breath,

became at once "a whited sepulchre".....Can this, Katherine, be true; what, so altered in three years absence, and that in the country? It is by chastity of sentiment, by correction of passion, by mental improvement, by religious devotions, that a homely woman is made beautiful, and a beautiful woman an angel. I thought that additional assemblage of charms, which I believed I saw in you ten minutes ago, arose from these causes—but I see none now—I will not keep company with any one who rails against marriage.

"Good Mr. Rover, be not angry: could "you believe me in earnest? I was repeating "the very language of young Miss ****. You "remembered her before her seduction. Mrs. "Canton* permitted me to copy from her novel "a few lines on this very subject. You shall "see them if you please."

Roddy, I was happy to find that Kate was not what she pretended to be....I felt fatigued,

[* Note. That is my Aunt Sally, my father's youngest sister. She married a Mr. Canton, who is dead, but though her name is Canton, she is truly one of the Rover family.]

stopt, and leaned against the fence; (for there are no *seats*, you know;) while the fair Katherine put her hand in her pocket....

"Modern degeneracy has not reached her;" she continues to wear *pockets*. My wife was accustomed to wear two, containing a bunch of keys, a pocket handkerchief, her work bag when she went a visiting, her pocket book, when she needed it, and sundry other articles, too tedious to mention—And there was room within her gown for these pockets—But now how changed: when ladies go a visiting, they never think of their work bags; and gowns are so tight, that there is neither room for them, nor for the free use of their own limbs: and they must have their little *indispensibles* dangling about....I wonder how long it will be before the men will have their *indispensibles*, to carry their handkerchiefs, pocket books, papers, tobacco boxes, &c.

She put her hand in her pocket, took out her book, and read, then gave me the following lines, extracted from the Novel.

MOORE & MIRANDA.

This lively little rhyming rogue,
Has been by far too much in vogue:
And, what a circumstance most sad is,
He's much admired by many ladies.
Yes, many of the "seeming pure,"
Not only on their shelves endure
His lays lascivious, but, at night,
While others sleep, by candle light,

Uncle Isaac's Ramble.

In secret silence, pleased peruse,
The vile productions of his muse,
And sins commit, of *fancy's* brewing,
That lead to sins of *fact*—and ruin.

Listen a tale.—A maid more pretty
Was never seen in any city,
Than fair MIRANDA :—and, her mind
Enlarged, exalted, and refined.
—Volume on volume she'd peruse,
T'instruct, reform her, and amuse.

To pass away the hours so soft,
ST. FRAY was her companion oft.
He lent her books :—ROSSEAU the first :
" Read it, my dear MIRANDA must :
" Tho' some things may be loose, or warm,
" Virtue like yours, it cannot harm."
—Next STERNE she borrowed, to delight her ;
" A feeling, sentimental writer."—
And last was loaned, Anacreon MOORE.—
Foolish MIRANDA read it o'er.—
—The poison first attackt the brain,
Then softly crept thro' every vein.—
In short, she fell, in evil hour,
Into the villain ST. FRAY's power.—
—An only child—Who knows the smart
That twinged a *doating* FATHER's heart ?
—With loss of virtue, fled her fame :
Six months she lived in open shame.
ST. FRAY was cloyed.—She changed her love ;
Awhile with this, then that to roye

For love—"at sight of human ties,
Spreads wing, and in a moment flies."
To something worse from *Mistress* grown,
She's soon a *frail one* of the town.
—From place to place, where'er she stirs,
Disease and infamy are hers.
From certain ruin nought can save,
And in two years she finds her *grave*:
And now sleeps, where her dreams are o'er
Of all that bliss that seemed in store,
From tales of STERNE, ROSSEAU, and MOORE.

.....

[*Uncle Isaac's Ramble to be continued.*]

THIS THAT AND T'OTHER;

BY JOE, MY BROTHER.

.....

Some suppose that the essence of poetry is *truth;* some suppose *fiction*, the *sine qua non.*

"In a calm pleasant ev'ning, the light fades away,
"And the *sun*, going down, has done watch for the day."
Southey's Eclogues.

A very remarkable *sun;* not such as *we* have, but a sun under *British influence*, that could not be seen after *sundown.*

.....

There are few things of which I am more fond than *economy;* if I can express my meaning

with five letters, why should I use fifty?—My country cousin says, "take care of all streams, but keep the middle stream:" meaning, "take care of all extremes, but keep the *middle extreme.*"

. . . . . .

New-England is not the only place where people are very inquisitive respecting each other's business. A few years since, one of the present Judges of the Supreme Court of the U. S. was passing through North-Carolina, when he was overtaken by an inhabitant of that State. The following dialogue ensued.

Citizen. You are going southward.

Judge. My horse's head is that way, and we go together.

Citizen. Perhaps you are going to attend some races; you have a fine steed.

Judge. No.

Citizen. Some land speculation then, I reckon.

Judge. No.

Citizen. You are in the *negro* traffic then I suppose.

Judge. No.

Citizen. Ah, I see, I see how 'tis, [dropping the reins, and putting his hands as in the act of dealing cards.]

Judge. No.

Citizen. Well, you are the strangest gen-

tleman that ever I saw: going to the southward, neither to *horse-racing*, nor to *land speculation*, nor *negro buying and selling*, nor *gambling*: What can your business be?

The Judge informed him, that he was proceeding to a certain town, where he expected to hold the Federal Court.

Omne tulit punctum qui makes a man smile jam and tum.

The mingling of Latin and English together, is not a new thing. A learned President, of a learned University, once learnedly and angrily addressed a declaimer, who had turned his face the wrong way: "Quare do you turn your tergum, tu blockhead you?"

A certain number of acres of land were granted the last session to Lewis, Clarke, and others. It was proposed to grant a certain number to Gen. Eaton—No, said Mr. Eppes, the President's son-in-law, let no such grant be included in the bill; let Gen. Eaton *stand* on his own *bottom*. Quere: how would Gen. Eaton look so standing?

The Grand Jury came into Court: There is a bill *found* against you, said the Judge to Col. A.—There is some mistake said the Col. looking at his pocket book, I have not *lost* a bill.

Witticisms and Criticisms.

Doctor Young, whose Night Thoughts I read with admiration and instruction, was guilty of uttering the following exalted nonsense, in his dedication to the Queen, of his Last Day.—"I am pleased to see you rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, leaving the fixt stars behind you: nor will I lose you there, but keep you still in view, through the boundless spaces on the *other side* of creation, in your journey towards eternal bliss, until I behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving, and conveying you still onward from the stretch of my imagination, which tires in the pursuit, and falls back again to the earth."

Doctor Young was hunting for a bishoprick, the bestowment of which was in the Queen's power. Oh what hypocrites are we all. Are *we* all....The man who will take his right hand, and lay it on his left side, and say, "I am no hypocrite," is such a man as I never saw.

I asked cousin Sam what was meant by pledging "our *lives*, our *fortunes*, and our *sacred honor*." Pledging your life, is pledging that you will hire some body to fight for you: pledging your fortune, is pledging that you will be an agent or contractor under government, and make your fortune: and, as you are willing to lose your *life*, and your *fortune*, you can have no objection to parting with your *sacred honor*, which you also pledge.

Witticisms and Criticisms.

A close calculator, offered to sell certain goods, for a certain sum, payable in three months: this was in *November*. The *June* following a customer consented to his price and time of payment. No, no, said the country merchant, the days are *much longer* now than they were last winter.

And here comes the French painter with an advertisement.

VOR *de* TISWELL.

VUN ADVERTISEMENT.

By myself, *Jean Jaques Grandrientete*, late peecture maker to de Emperor's first cook, jus arrive from France, where he has had de honor to paint great many peecture of de grand people of St.Cloud, for which he geet very leetle pay; which eenduce him to come to dis here land of leeberty.

Ven he read vat has been done in America, and when he conseeder vat vill be done t'oder day by posterity, hees bress swell wid de contemplation. De labors of her heroes will be de subject of heestory, and poetry, and comedy, and trazhedy, and sculpture, and, last of all, of painting. Ven he conseeder how deeficult eet ees to do zustice to de grand characters of dees nation, especially for one foreign man, when he conseeder de grand works of Meester Zhefferson, Meester Madison, and oder great Meesters, Monsieur *Jean Jaques Grandrientete*, "umble hees self bevore de magnitude of de untertaking."—Neverdeless,

Monsieur *Jean Jaques Grandrientete*, propose at dees time to de inhabitants of Boston, to make very many pretty peectures, to put in de New State-House, dat posterity, when he come, may see de works of hees forefader. Every peecture vill be four feet long, and two feet *broad* or *narrow*, vitch you please. For every peecture I mus ave feefty dollar ; vitch ees very small sum, vhen eet ees conseeder dat eet ees but one tousand dollar for twenty peecture.

To de ladies and zhentlemen of Boston: you see vhat I propose for de honor of yourselfs and de town.

As soon as one hundred peecture are subscribed for, I vill paint no more for less dan 100 dollar each.

I. De firs vill be vun map of de United State at *larzhe*, on a *small* scale. N. B. Deleware vill not be een eet, because eet ees so tam small : nor Connecticut, because she ees so tam priescraf and so federal. Noder N. B. Eef Connecticut grow more democrat, and eef de leettleness of Delaware grow more bigger, dey shall both be een de peecture.

II. De nex peecture dat I shall make vill be peecture de second. Dis vill be vun peecture of Meester Zhefferson when he vas firs Vice President. Een dis peecture all de senators look at heem, and he look at Heaven, and *pray* for Zhon Adam. All dis time Callender stand behind, and take tree four bank bill from hees left

hand: but Monsieur *Jean Jaques Grandrientete* vill paint de bills so bad dat nobody shall know vhat dey are.

III. De nex peecture vill be peecture de tird. Des vill be vun peecture of all de modern philosophers, in boats on de river Deleware, trying wid forks and spades to gader up vun, only vun bushel basket full of *moonshine;* from de top of de water. N. B. Dis ees such stuff as makes brains for all de modern philosophers. Noder N. B. In vun corner of dis peecture ees de President of de American Philosophical Society, very grand, very pensive, very placid, and more philosophical as all de rest.

IV. De nex ees peecture four. Dis ees Wes Boston Bridge turned bottom upwards, jus to see how it would look.

V. Dis ees de peecture of Monsieur SCATTERING, who lived two months before *time*, about ten mile t'oder side of *space*. He ees painted in *nonentity*, wid hees right foot on de shoulders of two senators, jumping into *existence*.

VI. De nex ees de painting of Mr. Gallateen, Mr. Duane and Mr. Antony Campbell, carying books from the treasury. Dis ees very fine peecture. Monsieur *Jean Jaques Grandrientete*, has painted dem so like tree *hones* men, dat deir bes friends don't know 'em.

VII. Dis ees de seventh, but eet vill not be painted till de t'oder time, by and by.

Witticisms and Criticisms.

VIII. Dis ees de peecture of vun federal man. Vun Zunday morning, in a ouse good way from good fame; he hold de cartes, hees head go niddy noddy, and he zwear no democrat has religion.

IX. Dis ees not painted, and ees de last dat ees done till afterwards; but when more are finish, Monsieur *J. J. Grandrientete* vill be so good as to let de people know.

Any Zhentleman and ladies vishing to subscribe, vill call on me at my lodgings, right opposite to t'oder zide of de way, near de ouse dat stands a great way from dat vitch ees not very near de ouses round de New State House.

Monsieur *Jean Jaques Grandrientete* beg leave to say dat he vill say no more till t'oder time. J. J. GRANDRIENTETE.

One of the inferior Judges of this Commonwealth, is the constant butt for Cousin Sam.—He is a man of understanding—"Very likely, if you could find the door of it." He has wit—"Oh yes, it is probable, for he never has *wasted any*." He is a man of *great foresight*.—"Yes, he has a large pair of *eyes*."—But there is often somethin *sharp* and *pointed* about him—"His *knife* and *fork* at dinner time."

There are certainly some words much misused in this wide world of ours. The meaning of the word *clever* is *dextrous*, *artful*, *able* or *well*

shaped; yet in New England it is almost always used to signify *uprightness*, and often times accompanied with the idea of intellectual deficiency. Hence when in New-England we hear the expression "he is a clever fellow," we understand a simple, honest creature, like three quarters of the democratic members of our state legislature, and some that are not democratic; but in the southern states, you will hear the expression, "a very *clever* fellow, but a great villain." Doctor Johnson, says clever is of no certain etymology, and cousin Sam declares it is from *cleave to her*, and that those are the *cleverest* husbands who cleave to their wives and families.

Sam is full of his etymologies. He insists that *miserable* is from miser–able, and that every rich man must of course be miserable. *Venerable* he derives from Venus *Veneris*, and the termination *able*.

But, let him derive as he may, the reader certainly can derive no pleasure from what I may write when I feel stupid: For his advantage, I therefore pause.